



CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Kynaston swore and raged impotently up and down the little room. Apparently it was not enough that he should sacrifice his life itself; his very reputation, too, was to be torn to shreds.

Hour after hour passed. He had a little tobacco, but one cannot enjoy smoking in the dark. So he sat and thought and thought till the tiny stars came out like forget-me-nots in the wonderful Mexican sky, and the camp woke to renewed life in the coolness.

Presently he was aroused by the sound of someone fumbling at the chain that fastened the door on the outside. The door drew open. In the shadow he heard a voice.

"Ohé Mio capitán!"

It was the voice of the officer who had met him.

"Si—si! What is it?"

"If you will come with me it will perhaps benefit you."

Kynaston fumbled in his boot-peg to see if that flat automatic pistol still lay close to his leg. Fortunately, he had not been examined for concealed weapons; the Mexicans had taken for granted that a man surrendering himself would not be fool enough to bring arms into a hostile camp.

Kynaston stepped out. The officer with two guards crowded their way with their prisoner through the fast-gathering crowd to the house where the general lived. By the light of the two guttering candles stuck in empty bottles that illuminated the dirty interior Kynaston saw, seated beside the rebel commander, a figure that he recognized at once—the blind priest of Trocanto, the guardian of the shrine!

The general was the first to break the silence.

"I have brought you here, Señor Gringo, to ask you some questions. This good man tells me that you are an American officer. Is it true?"

"Ask him, if he is your source of information," said Kynaston in a disguised voice. He could see the priest lean forward in an eager attempt to identify him.

"There has been a story come to us—the general was in deadly earnest—that we mean to look into. There was a stone of incalculable value in the South that we meant to use to buy arms and ammunition to help our cause. We got it; then our forces were attacked by three times their number of the accused federalistas, and so the stone was taken. It was then that, pursued by our men, the thieves fled across the line and took refuge on American soil, carrying with them the stone that meant so much to the righteous cause."

"That stone was taken charge of by the American officer. The next day the stone and the officer had disappeared, and now the good father tells me that you are the man. I tell you plainly, Señor Gringo, that, failing to obtain from you news of the stone's whereabouts, the court-martial shall do its duty in the morning. Am I clear?"

"Aye! As clear as your own laws—and doubtless as discerning."

This time at hearing Kynaston's voice the old priest leaned back in his seat.

"It is the man," he said quietly. "It is the officer who took the stone."

"A bargain—then the stone against your life! The stone that means two hundred thousand pesos against your life! It can profit you nothing to keep it, for if it is not turned over to us you shall surely die."

Kynaston turned hotly toward the priest.

"Thou hast eaten my bread and salt," he said passionately. "Thou hast slept in my camp. Thou knowest right well that I did not take the stone; thou knowest right well that thou thyself art the thief, and that I had parties out searching for thee by mesa and by river. What hast thou to gain, padre, by lying away my life?"

The old priest turned gray under his dark skin.

"My son, this is not fair. Thou sayest that thou didst not take it. Who then did?"

"Who? Who but the man who has sought it, as he says, for so long? The blind priest of Trocanto, of course. Who else has so great a desire for it? I could not have taken it, as my commandante—major—can prove, for I was with him from the moment that he came into my camp till the bundle was unwrapped, and the stone was found missing."

"Was no one else in your tent then?" asked the general.

"Thou knowest there was, señor. The voice of the blind priest rose to almost breaking tension. "Thou knowest there were two ladies—where are they, I say?"

"Where are they? Is this camp a place to ask such a question? Wouldst thou expect to find women—decent women—in such a camp of ladrones?"

"Then, señor," said the general, "there can be but one person who knows about the stone. Either one of the ladies must have seen the stone when it was in your tent, or else—which is, of course, unbelievable—one of them has taken it—"

"No—no!"

The voice suddenly rose to a shriek; the Mexican captain raised his hand to guard his head from the blow that he thought was coming. Kynaston dropped his hand.

"Someone in your camp must know the matter. Doubtless if any man entered your tent while the ladies were in your camp they have seen him. A note to Señor Upton that I will send by an officer will discover the matter. You can tell him with perfect truth that if the jewel is not restored your life will pay the forfeit."

"Wherever it is found? Do you mean, general, if for instance I should be able to prevail upon this blind priest to restore it that I will be released?"

"Si—si! But mark, I must have the stone in my hands before safety is promised to Señor Upton."

A lieutenant which he whispered in the ear of his commander in chief, and had handed him a paper. A pleased smile stole across Obispo's face as he read it aloud:

It is permitted to announce that tonight the gallant General Villa will make an attack on the American army. The gallant general will himself lead but a small force in this first attack, and will then await reinforcements.

You will therefore join the main force at Palomas by tomorrow evening. The gallant General Villa reserves to disclose his plans, but says he will be in El Paso within two weeks.

Kynaston could hardly believe his ears. Was Villa really to attempt an invasion of the States? What could such a move mean but war, the war he was sacrificing himself to avoid? The army must be advised, but how?

A murmur of approval from those in the room had greeted the reading



He Seized the American.

of the message. After a moment Obispo turned to him again.

"If you wish to live, gringo," he said, "see to it that my messenger takes a letter from you to the house of Señor Upton this night."

Obispo waved his hand in dismissal and Kynaston was escorted back to the little adobe house where paper and pens were brought him. For a few moments Kynaston sat, tapping his teeth with his penholder, thinking over the situation, revolving in his mind what he wanted to tell Upton and how he should tell it. For he had a message to send Upton that would never get by his censors if they should understand it; and his censors, moreover, would be everyone in camp who could read.

He finally concluded not to attempt to tell Upton of the intended attack by Villa, but to confine his efforts to intimating how an escape from the house might be made with the machine. After a few meaningless introductory sentences he wrote:

I am told that the accusation is made against me that I have taken or concealed the priceless Emerald Bell which we captured when we took the federal prisoners.

Of course you know that I know nothing of it. I am told further that it is restored, or positive information is given which will lead to its restoration. I will be released.

As to the repairs to the automobile that we spoke of, I would take the machine at once to the United States, as no repairs can be made here. You must take the machine at once as the delicate mechanism will ruin if kept here more than ten days. I could write hours. If you know anything about the jewel send word. I am firmly convinced that the old priest who has turned up here either has it or knows where it is.

You can see what they are saying about me across the border. They accuse me of having stolen the accused Bell. I cannot imagine where it can be unless the old priest has taken it. Of course he has, but equally of course he will never acknowledge it.

I fear that if they shoot me I will have lost more than my life, for this attack on my honor will leave me in worse case

than death. After it is all over, save my honor for me if you can. Write my sister at least that that accusation is untrue.

He clipped from the paper the article which intimated that he had stolen the Bell and pinned it with a bit of splinter to his note, to be given to the messenger. As the courier walked off to the great chinaberry tree under which his horse was tied, Kynaston thought cheerfully of what the result of the mission must be.

The messenger was gone an hour when a sudden flurry at the post of the guard set the camp alight with excitement. An aid came hastily to the house, demanding admission.

"Your letter was received, señor," by Señor Upton, who declined to read it," said the aid. "He said that he was a caballero of blood and refused to receive messages that were sent him by the hands of a common soldier. He demanded that El General Obispo send a commissioned officer to talk with him. Accordingly Major Gutierrez will go up at daylight to arrange matters."

Kynaston spent a sleepless night. Early in the morning the camp was awake, the noise and excitement forecasting a move. An hour later an officer, furious with anger, entered with four men. He seized the American roughly and tied his hands behind him with a strip of rawhide.

"Los perros!" the officer gritted. "To treat with men like that—el general wishes to see you, gringo."

"What is it? Well to ask! That thief of the world, Señor Upton—bahl! He is a ladrone, a picaron, a thief! Done? What has he done? El General Obispo sent this morning to talk with him about you and the jewel, which we need as a thirsty man needs water. His emissaries were el Comandante Major Gutierrez and el Coronel Mayez, who is the chief of our artillery."

"They went up under a white flag, señor, and had a talk with the American. They could come to no terms, so the two left him and started back. When they reached the bottom of the hill naturally enough they lowered the white flag—"

"Yes, yes! Where are they now?"

The blind priest of Trocanto, who had approached, answered the question.

"They are prisoners in the hands of Señor Upton. He sent word back to el General Obispo that if the soldiers lay hand on thee he will hang the two officers as high as Haman. Doubtless thou canst learn the details from el general."

It was difficult to learn anything from the general, who, angry at being outwitted, spat like a cat and was equally intelligible. It was from his first acquaintance that Kynaston learned what had happened.

"Yes, señor, the two went up with a soldado—common soldier—carrying the flag of truce. You can see it is a mile away; between us is the belt of alamos—cottonwoods—low-lying in the valley."

"Their talk, señor, came to nothing. We know now that Señor Upton did but talk to gain time. When they left they walked down the hill, and when they reached the valley where the alamos grew, they dropped their flag of truce, sat down, and lit cigarettes."

"It was in that moment, señor, that a gray-headed old pirate stepped from behind a tree, shoved a great pistol under the nose of the valiant coronel, broke the rifle of the soldier, and told him to go back to—el general will pardon me—to the stealer of horses who commanded here, with the message that the two officers would be hanged if a hair of your head is touched—saints and angels, señores, what is it now?"

For another white flag was waving from the house and a shot had been fired to attract their attention. Kynaston looked up eagerly.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Jewel.

There had been little rest for any of the inmates of the Upton house during the night. Though they knew right well that the Villistas regarded a night attack with all the dislike of an Apache, so that little was to be feared from that source, no one could sleep.

To begin with, old Upton and John Wilkes sat deep in consultation over their rifle-butts in a corner and would not be disturbed. The other men sat silent except for an occasional muttered remark. Mrs. Kane was openly tearful; Dorothy alone was collected and reserved, unbending and unswerving in her clean-cut resolution that something must be done.

"That's all right, daughter, to say 'Something must be done.' The question is: What? Aye, that's the question! Isn't it, Wilkes?"

Wilkes nodded solemnly over a quid of plug tobacco that he was just absorbing.

At eleven o'clock the first note came. When the man came up the slope carrying a lantern on the end of a stick Mr. Upton was about to go forward to talk with him when he was stopped by the cautious old ex-deputy sheriff.

"No, you don't, sir. They'll get you out there, an' when the man carries the lantern has got you in the circle of light somebody back in the shadow'll shoot you down. Then when a complaint is made they'll say it was done by accident, but that won't help you none. You'll be a deader. Tell him to come up to the doorway so he'll be in the light an' not you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chile's Debt to the Incas. Not until the Incas made their presence felt in Chile was the llama introduced and made known, not only for its wool, but for its qualities as a beast of burden.

WESTERN MINING AND OIL NEWS

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Metal Market Quotations.

Spelter, St. Louis, \$8.30.
Copper, casting, \$23.12½.
Lead, New York, \$6.40.
Bar Silver, 62½c.
Boulder, Colo.—Tungsten, per unit of 60 per cent, \$20 to \$25.

Arizona.

The Ray Hercules Company will build a 1,000-ton mill at a cost of \$300,000.

Water is being pumped out of the main Arkansas & Arizona shaft at Jerome.

The Jerome-Oatman is again working after the recent fire which destroyed the compressor house.

Important improvements, one of them a shaft, are planned at the United Verde Extension at Jerome.

Progress in enlarging the Jerome-Verde shaft from one to three compartments is being made at the rate of ten feet a day.

For \$250,000 the Arizona Rare Metals Company has acquired two additional molybdenum properties in the Copper Creek district.

For \$250,000, Ralph Cameron, former congressman from Arizona, has sold his mining claims in the Grand Cañon, according to information received at Prescott.

Colorado.

Flotation at the Argo mill, Idaho Springs, is giving remarkable results.

The Wolfstone shaft at Leadville has been drained to the 980-foot level.

At Leadville the Mikado shaft is to be reopened. The shaft is 1,206 feet deep.

From Kokomo comes a report that Summit county is soon to be in line with larger ore production.

One of the richest and most productive mines in the Nederland district is the Cold Spring mine.

Ward district, Boulder county, where gold and silver values help out the tungsten, is favored with a prosperous season.

The McKenzie mill east of Nederland, which was formerly used for the treatment of gold ores, is now running to treat tungsten.

Near Idaho Springs Theodore Coster has completed arrangements for starting work on the famous old Eclipse mine in Maximilian gulch.

It is reported from Idaho Springs that W. F. Walsh has started work on the old property, which consists of six claims and a millsite, situated at Chicago creek.

Recent development work at the bottom level of the Mary McKinney Mining Company's main shaft, has resulted in the opening of a new and rich ore shoot on the main vein.

A discovery recently made by C. Wuerz in the Linwood lode mining claim, one of the group of five most promising claims on the western slope of Jones mountain, is attracting more than ordinary attention.

Gunnison county reports a new tungsten district, extending from ten to twelve miles and on which two and possibly three distinct veins occur, between the Blistered Horn tunnel and the head of Gold Creek above Ohio City.

Georgetown reports among the latest ore finds are made in the old Seven-Thirty Dives-Pelican mine at Silver Plume, where a vein of ore has been opened for fifty feet on the zero level which returns 1,290 ounces of silver per ton.

New Mexico.

The Chloride Mining Company of Chloride, Sierra county, capitalized at \$100,000, filed incorporation papers.

The Progress Mining Company has entered the rich mining field of Steeprock in western New Mexico.

Another lost mine has been located in New Mexico, this time near Datil, Socorro county. It is known as the "Mine of the Little Door."

Operators are encouraged by oil indications at several points in San Juan county. The men doing most drilling, Oklahomans, plan extensive extensions of their operations.

The Santa Rita Development Company, capitalized at \$1,000,000 and engaged in mining at Santa Rita, adjoining the Chino company's property, in Grant county, filed incorporation papers.

A display of samples of galena from the Grand Central mine at Embuda, from which a carload was shipped running 1,000 ounces in silver and 45 per cent in lead, has been put on exhibition at Denver.

Wyoming.

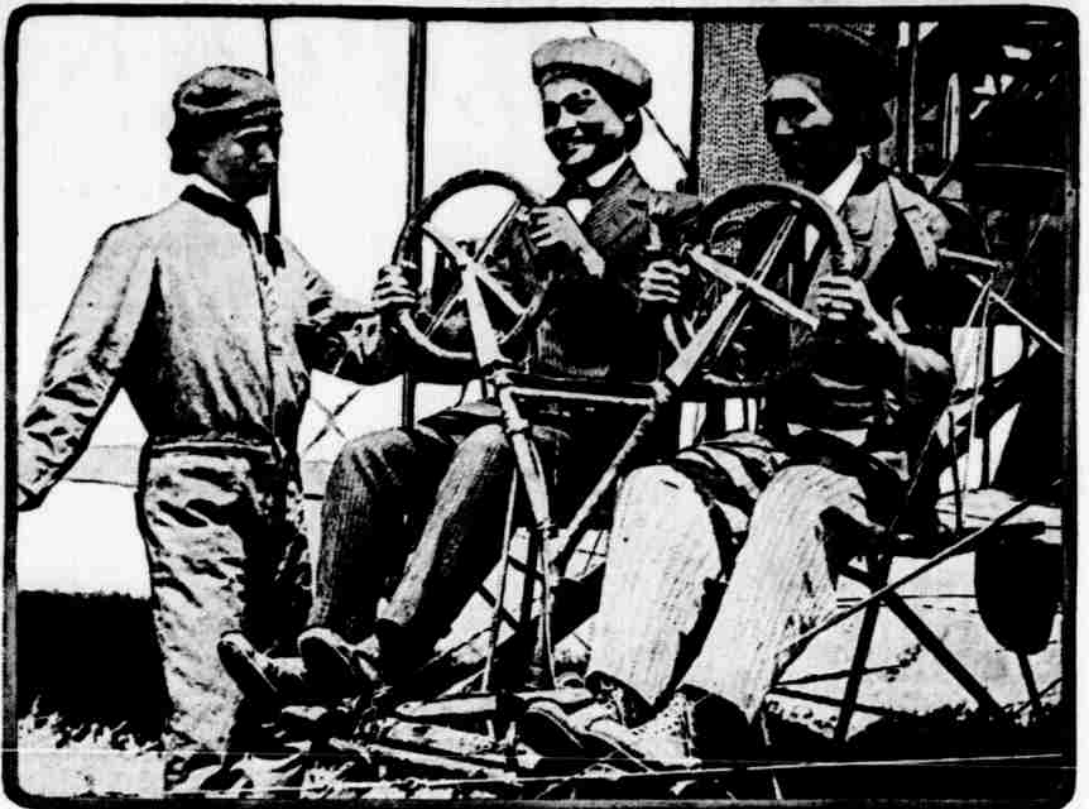
Two 100-barrel producers were brought in in the Grass Creek field by the Levi Oil Company.

Prospectors are busy in the Goshute Hole country, where it is believed oil will be found in large quantities.

Merritt well No. 1, Sec. 3-33-76, is maintaining a production of twenty-two barrels a day from rock pressure.

The Greybull Refining Company brought in a 3,300-barrel well at a depth of 1,400 feet from a six-inch hole at the bottom.

ORIENTALS LEARNING TO BE AVIATORS



This photograph, taken at the Christofferson school of aviation in California, shows, left to right, Gong Key of Canton, China; Louis Kinson of Manila, P. I., and Albert N. F. Tom of Honolulu.

PERSHING'S MEN GET MAIL FROM HOME



Some of the troops of General Pershing's expedition in Mexico receiving a quantity of mail from home.

MRS. SAYRE AND ELEANOR



Recent photograph of Mrs. Francis R. Sayre, daughter of President Wilson, and her little daughter, Eleanor Paxson Sayre, taken at the Sayre residence in Williamstown, Mass.

Of Course.

Mr. Taylor was relating to a group of friends the accomplishments of his new hunting dog. After he had told of some wonderful things his dog was able to do, he said, proudly:

"That dog is no dog at all compared to mine," was the unexpected reply of an Irishman present.

"Me dog can do all of them tricks, and beside that and in addition he can sing."

"Cut that stuff, Pat. A dog that sings! What breed of a dog is he, anyway?"

"A burrd dog, of course," said Pat, without batting an eye.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Reassurance.

Gen. William A. Mann, commanding the Second brigade, was talking in Laredo about the Mexican situation.

"Reassuring?" he said. "Well, that bulletin is just about as reassuring as the barber's remark."

"Here, you be careful! A patient growled to a barber. 'That's the second time you've cut me!'"

"Yes, yes," said the barber, in soothing tones, "so it is, but there! I always deduct a nickel for every cut. Why, sir, it's nothing unusual for a man to leave here a quarter to the good!"

IT MAY BE THEIR LAST KISS



A patrol of French cavalry has halted in a village which happens to be the native place of one of the troopers. His wife has accompanied him to the edge of the wood and exchanges with him what may be the last kiss.

LONG TOMS OF THE FIFTH ARTILLERY



One of the 4.7-inch guns (Long Toms) of Company E, Fifth United States Artillery, on a flat car at El Paso.